

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Were it not pittie that this goodly boy,
Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long heereafter, say vnto his Childe,
What my great Grandfather and Grandfire got,
My carelesse father fondly gaue away?
Looke on the boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiseth successfull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford playd the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things ill got had euer bad successe,
And happy euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then may the present profite counteruaile.
Ah cosin Yorke, would thy best friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

Queene. My Lord, this harmfull pittie makes your followers faint.
You promis'd Knight-hood to your Princely sonne,
Vnsheath your sword, and straight way dub him Knight,
Kneele downe Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this lesson, Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparrant to the Crowne,
and in that quarrell, vse it to the death.

North. VVhy that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a band of fifty thousand men,

Comes

of Yorke and Lancaster.

Comes *Warwicke*, backing of the Duke of Yorke.
And in the Townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flyes to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. VVhy that's my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Priu. Good Father cheere these noble Lords,

Vnsheath your sword, sweet Father cry *S. George*.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence we wil not moue.

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edm. Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne?
And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?

Queen. Go rate thy Minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malapert

Before thy King, and lawfull Soueraigne?

Edm. I am his King, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heyre by his consent.

George. Since when, he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare, you that are King

(Though he do weare the Crowne)

Haue cauld him by new acte of Parliament,

To blot our brother out, and put his owne sonne in.

Clif. And reason *George*:

Who should succede the father, bur the son?

Rich. Are you there butcher?

Clif. I Crooke-backe, heere I stand to answer thee,
Or any of your sort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and old *Yorke* too, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods-sake Lords giue signall to the fight.

War. VVhat saist thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

Queen. VVhat, long tongu'd *Warwicke*, dare you speake?
VVhen you and I met at Saint Albons last,

You